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Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLIII. No. 31 MONTREAL, JULY 31, 1908. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

'We have for quite a number of years taken the 'Messenger,' and we are well pleased with it.'—P. H. Hudson, Plympton, Man.

'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.'

TRUE HEROES.

A. C. D., in 'Friendly Greetings.')

'The people that do know their God shall be strong, and shall do exploits.'—Dom. xi., 32.

'Tis they who know and trust Thee, Lord,
Thy loved, Thine own,
'Tis they are strong in time of need,
And they alone:
No duty is too hard for them;
Clad in Thy might
They bravely march against the foe,
And bravely fight.

And in the dark and troublous times,
Which must be near,
When hearts shall fail, and courage die,
And strong men fear;—
No evil thing shall touch Thine own,
Thy servants true
And wondrous are the mighty deeds
Which they will do!

O Lord, my Saviour and my Friend,
I trust in Thee;
I am Thine own, for Thou hast loved
And died for me:
I will not fear the darkest hour;—
I shall not fall;
Thou art my strength, my hope, my joy,
My life,—My ALL!

'Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might.'

What Makes Your World Beautiful.

Goethe says 'the world is so waste and empty when we figure only towns and hills and rivers in it, but to know of someone here and there whom we accord with, who is living on with us even in silence, this makes our earthly ball a peopled garden.' Do you remember how tired you once grew of the little village in which you had lived for years? Every tree and shrub, every house and barn were painted on your memory; you could close your eyes and see them perfectly. Yes, even hear the sound of the village blacksmith's hammer when the lights were out and the brawny blacksmith had long been asleep. You wanted to be rid of it all—to see new sights and hear new sounds while your mind forced its way out of the old grooves that were of necessity so narrow and restricted. The time came when you said good-by to the dear ones on the little platform that fronted the low, tiny room you called the 'station.' Somehow there was just a little mist over the sunshine and the soft south wind chilled you a trifle—or was it that your heart beat a little heavily and the blood did not go bounding through your veins as usual? There were others who noticed the mist that dimmed the sweet sunshine of the morning, others who felt the chill as you felt it, and some of them were going sadly back to a little home among the trees, and the chill was going with them to stay in their hearts while you were looking for your World Beautiful. How long did it take you to find what your heart was seeking. True, a great city with its wonderful possibilities, with its undreamed-of attractions, soon swallowed you up as it had thousands before you, but did it satisfy the hunger of your heart or make you forget that quiet uneventful past that grew so monotonous to you that you fled from it? The years rolled on, but you could close your eyes and still see the little village nestling among the trees. You could still, in the quiet night-watches, hear the familiar sound of the blacksmith's hammer and sometimes, with a half-aroused consciousness, you imagined you heard the plaintive cry of the 'whip-poor-will' from the curb of the old well, its favorite spot, at the close of the long, hot summer day.

If you could go back once more and be just as you were then how happy you would be. Your World Beautiful meant after all home and love and the association with those whose hearts held you close and to whom—imperfect as you were—you had become their happiness.

We have such vague unsettled feelings in regard to what we need to make us content and happy. It is always the thing just beyond us that seems a necessity. We are willing to exchange our gold for drosse sometimes, if it only glitters a trifle more and we barter our greatest treasures for what in a moment of passion makes a strong appeal to our restless unsatisfied natures.

There is no real beauty in this world of ours that in some way is not the product of love. We may feast our eyes on some beautiful image, but it is only beautiful because it represents a living soul—a throbbing life and it is no longer marble but warm flesh and blood, capable of loving and of being loved. If this great round world were yours, yet held no other heart that was 'living on with you even in silence,' you could write after your name 'A pauper.' It is God's plan for a happy life that it must be shared, must be fed by the fire from the altar of another life in accord with it. It is the greatest joy of life to minister to love. The unloving heart dwarfed and withered by its own selfishness is no fountain to send forth sweet waters that will make the life beautiful. The heart that loves as God meant it should can find beauty wherever the object of that love is to be found, though it be amid the stands of the desert. Love brought us the Christ and love unbars the gates of the eternal city to the poorest of his children. Would you have a 'World Beautiful' fill it with love, love for God and man. 'For love is the fulfilling of the law.'—The Burlington 'Hawkeye.'

The Forgiveness of Sin.

(Rev. Albert Goodrich, D.D., from 'The Parables of Jesus.')

God has been, and is here upon the earth, striving against the wickedness of the world, and seeking to set up his kingdom of grace and righteousness. He has spared nothing, not even the incarnation and death of his Son, to accomplish this, his redemptive purpose. Men on the earth are, in their deepest life, either with or against God in his great strife for righteousness. If we withhold from God our trust, we take sides with the ungodliness of the world; we take a place in and with the evil host who are fighting against God; we are with them, hindering the march of God and the good to the establishment of righteousness and peace the world

over. We therefore, by our ungodliness, join ourselves to, adopt and support, the sin of all sinners; we stand with Judas and all traitors; with Nero and all cruel rulers; with the leaders of all vile interests and bad causes. We have, therefore, guilt with them; we shall, if we repent not, be overwhelmed in the penal fires which will consume them. O, verily, our sin is great! We have much to be forgiven.

Jesus Christ, in a very sad spirit, spoke of the wrath to come, of weeping and gnashing of teeth, of outer darkness for the ungodly; and is not this, his language, according to the truth of things? He spoke of our sinfulness with a tone of infinite seriousness and pity; he manifested for our salvation an intense solicitude; he was ready to suffer for our salvation any cross; and in all this was he not perfectly true, entirely warranted by the fact of the greatness of our sin? Of a truth the sinful state is a very grave matter. The debt is very great. We have much to be forgiven.

Are we forgiven? One evidence of our forgiveness is that we have some sense of the greatness of the forgiveness, and have some love to him who has forgiven much. If we are not sure of our forgiveness, make sure of it at once. There is forgiveness with God that he may be feared. God himself, in the gift and death of his dear Son, has made the path adown which he comes to you, offering free forgiveness. Go, meet him in that path with penitence and faith. Great as thy sin is, to the vastness of the divine mercy it is but as a pebble on the shore of the vastness of the ocean. Believe, and God takes up thy sin, that pebble, and casts it into that ocean of his mercy. I know that forgiveness cannot undo the deeds that are don, they remain historical facts, but God can cease to hold you responsible for them. I know that even divine forgiveness does not cancel the secondary consequences of sin, but God's forgiveness makes their character; makes them chastisements, yielding righteousness. But what is the supreme penalty of sin, the one thing the really penitent soul dreads? It is this: Separation from God—his wrath. To be God forsaken—that is the hell, the condemnation. Here that is terrible; but in the spirit world, where there are no carnal delights and worldly excitements to interest the abandoned soul, to be forsaken of God must be unspeakable loss and punishment. Now it is this supreme penalty of sin that the divine penalty can and does completely cancel, entirely put away. To the penitent and believing soul God can and does draw nigh; he comes to it; he dwells with it; he loves it; he assures it of his love, breathes into it his peace, inspires it with his spirit, keeps it by his providence unto life eternal. 'Her sins, which are many, are forgiven.' 'And he said unto the woman, thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.'

Victorian Indian Orphan Society.

This association, which has been pursuing its course with increased endeavor to cope with the added difficulties owing to the terrible famine which is threatening and already invading large districts of Central India, has met with an additional calamity in the loss by death of its beloved and indefatigable, self-sacrificing and devoted secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Crichton.

From the inception of the work, eleven years ago, to the time of her brief, fatal illness, she was devoted to its service, and rendered it incalculable benefit by her unceasing labors to forward the interests of the Society for the benefit of the orphan children and the comfort of the missionaries who have the work in charge in India. Only a few hours before her death she manifested her devotion to the cause by dictating a letter to her daughter regarding the work of the Society, and since her death it has been found that she remembered it by bequeathing $300 to it.

Of a charming personality and sweet graciousness of manner, together with fervent piety and devotion to the work of Christ, she had become endeared to every member of the Association as a personal friend. She was an inspiration to the little band of workers who met from month to month to discuss ways and means for carrying on this most hopeful work among some of the rescued orphan children of the famines of 1897 and 1900.

Being gifted with a facile pen and the power to describe and make clear the needs of the work, together with an aptitude for detail, she rendered such valuable service as to become almost the mainspring of the organization, and was always ready with her counsel, guidance and help.

It has pleased God to take her in the midst of her usefulness, and the Society, while deeply sympathizing with her family in the loss of a beloved mother, hardly knows as yet how to face the future without her loving counsel and ready help. It will, however, be necessary, on behalf of the orphan children, whose care the Society has undertaken, to press on with the work and endeavor to carry on many of the useful projects to which she so readily lent her aid and support, and though for the moment almost dazed by the sudden loss of their beloved secretary-treasurer, yet trusting in the aid of a Higher Power the work must be prosecuted, and the Society would ask all those who in the past have been kind enough to render assistance to the work to continue to do so, and in view of the sad condition of affairs prevailing at present in India, to take an even deeper interest in the work than heretofore. Kindly address all communications for the future to the care of Mrs. A. T. Taylor, 205 Maryland street, Winnipeg.

Work in Labrador.

THE FOOD QUESTION.

St. Anthony, May, 1908.

Dear Mr. Editor,—How many unnecessary troubles of life arise along this coast, as elsewhere, simply from need of better knowledge, it is hard to say. Slowly, but steadily, our friends are imbibing the elementary rules of sanitation. The breath of all the fresh air sermons has not been spent in vain, and on our journeys we have had the pleasure more than once of seeing windows opened and mats on the floor with inscriptions in almost offensive letters, 'Do not spit,' continually emphasizing the lessons of our health catechisms. But in our efforts to lessen the monotony of diet which causes so many digestive troubles, and their very various unpleasant results, we have, until recently, found little encouragement.

The cheapest of our farinaceous foods, corn meal, which is little more than half the price of flour, is only used for feeding the dogs when the stock of fish offal and seal meat has given out. Our American lady friend teaching arts and crafts has fortunately a natural penchant, for, among others, the culinary art, to which she has added considerable acquired skill. She has succeeded in showing some half dozen ways in which this article, that is to be found in nearly every house, can be made attractive, and at last (the fisherman's ultra-conservatism notwithstanding) an applicant has journeyed up over twenty miles to buy two gallons of 'that stuff the lady makes cakes of.' He was delighted when it was shown to him that it was only a finer ground specimen of the same meal he was giving the dogs that hauled him, and he returned fully determined to trespass on the supplies originally laid up for the team. Better still, at a local function, at that end of this coast most needing it, certain preparations of the meal were sent over by her as missionary tracts. The report has come back that these unknown strangers received a welcome beyond that extended to any of the time honored friends such as flour-buns and molasses-cakes, and were generously 'taken in,' as all strangers ought to be. Moreover, when it was explained what the ingredients were, and they proved to be within their reach, a most gratifying number of applications for receipts were immediately sent in.

There are numbers of local products, both animal and vegetable, which have made invaluable changes for our own table, some, I confess, entirely new to myself. The importance of them has so impressed us that we have decided to issue a new tract, giving plain directions how to deal with these things in order to make them palatable. I have stayed so often in fishermen's houses and have so seldom seen, even their staple article, salt cod, come to table except 'boiled naked,' that I am sure that the insertion of rudimentary information, such as how to make nice fish cakes, will prove as truly messages of affection as do our pills, potients, and possets, when troubles have accrued. The great value of fresh food is only felt where it cannot be obtained. Thus, at the present moment, we have not a single potato in our own house, not a single green vegetable, not a fresh egg, and have only just obtained the first piece of fresh meat in the form of a seal's flipper. And what is more, none of these things will be obtainable for probably another month. We have learnt a little about clams, mussels, fishy seabirds, and even seals, a little about edible leaves and plants, all of which is valuable, but about which much more should be known. The discovery that the sprouts of our onions in the cellar, or the young shoots from the stored potatoes are both edible and nice, becomes a matter of no mean importance in a household where there are growing children, and where scurvy is a thing to be reckoned with. We shall do considerably more along this line in the near future than has been done in the past, at least, it is to be hoped so. We have as yet failed to introduce the use of our abundant fungi. Among them are many esculent Boleti and Russulae. We have found that the puff-ball (Lyco perdon), which is also common here, is excellent eating when young. But neither mushroom nor fungus has ever been eaten on the coast, and it seems almost Utopian to hope that it ever will be so.

Our poorer brethren are naturally at this time of year at lowest ebb of food supplies, as, indeed, we are, ourselves. Where credit has been low in the fall, some of us with large families have already so far exhausted our supplies that much damage, at times irreparable, is done to our little children. Some men are so constituted from either shyness or false modesty that they will hide the nakedness of their cupboard, when they cannot possibly do that of their skin. As a last case, our police experts succeeded in unearthing just one of these very cases before disappearing once more into private life. In one way our little Orphanage has assumed the somewhat unconventional role of a child incubator, for our newest arrivals have all got living parents, which is a good thing, but does not fulfil the functions of a living diet. We have, therefore, been assuming for periods of from one to four years the responsibility for the mental and physical development of several children, until circumstances shall alter sufficiently to make it reasonable to send them back to their own or other homes, where they will be adopted into a family. That good can come out of evil has been emphasized with us by the arrival of a half-starved little boy and girl as the result of a felony in an adjoining store.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

Acknowledgments.

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Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, AUGUST 9, 1908.

David and Goliate.

I. Sam. xvii., 38-49. Memory verses 48, 49.
Read I. Sam. xvii., 1-xviii., 5.

Golden Text.

In the Lord put I my trust. Psa. xi., 1.

Home Readings.

Monday, August 3.—I. Sam. xvii., 1-11.
Tuesday, August 4.—I. Sam. xvii., 12-27.
Wednesday, August 5.—I. Sam. xvii., 28-39.
Thursday, August 6.—I. Sam. xvii., 40-54.
Friday, August 7.—I. Sam. xvii., 55; xviii., 5
Saturday, August 8.—Ps. cxliv., 1-15.
Sunday, August 9.—Ps. xi., 1; xxii., 2.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

There will be no need to suggest a method of interesting the children in the subject of to-day's lesson. Its mere mention will do that, for of all Bible stories this is the prime favorite with the little folk. It may be well to see what they really do know about it before proceeding further. Apply the lesson to their own lives by getting them to think of some of the giants they all have to fight and how they do not need to wait until they get splendid strong armor to fight them in, but like David, all they need is to go against them in God's strength and use in God's service the powers he has given them. Goliath laughed at David's staff and sling, and there are people who may laugh at your temperance pledge, at your going to Sunday School, at your being obedient to your parents and your teachers, but it is by such as these that we are able to fight the evil forces in this world.

FOR THE SENIORS.

There is some difficulty to some minds in understanding how it could have been possible for Saul not to recognize David after his stay with the royal family, and his services as Saul's armorbearer, but in all probability several years intervened between the incidents of last Sunday's lesson and to-day's. The stripling of seventeen would be a young man, and instead of his court dress, in which Saul was accustomed to see him, he would be in the shepherd's rough garb and aparently met Saul without any claim to recognition. David at this time of life was one of the most manly character's conceivable, fearless in God's strength, but without the slightest arrogance, submitting even to his elder brother's taunts and sneers without an angry reply, and that although he was no longer a youth, but a young man who valued his manhood. He was willing to adopt any means suggested, so long as it would not be detrimental to the cause, but not afraid of angering royalty by refusing to wear the armor which he realized would be a hindrance. His faith is simply marvellous, unhesitating and complete, and during the time since his anointing he must have yielded unreservedly to the Spirit that then came upon him. Goliath's proud self-reliance, 'Come to me and I will give, etc.,' is in the greatest contrast to David's relegation of self to the background, ascribing first the power to God, although utterly confident in that.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Verses 43-47. As modern warfare is conducted, such a colloquy as this between combatants seems to be ridiculous; but every one who is familiar with Homer's Iliad will see a wonderful similarity between the speeches of Goliath and David, and those which the father of poetry puts into the mouths of his heroes in similar circumstances. See in particular, the speeches of Glaucus and Diomede in the sixth book of the Iliad. 'Come hither,' says Glaucus, 'that you may quickly reach the goal of death.'—W. M. Taylor, David.

The invention of firearms has not superseded the old weapons of antiquity, and it is almost as common now to see a shepherd armed with a sling as it was in David's time. This is particularly true of the Bedouin or Arab of the desert.—Van Lennep.

The great secret of success in life is to be ready when your opportunity comes.—Lord Beaconsfield.

Man's great actions are performed in minor struggles.—Victor Hugo.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

The Situation of the Armies. Make a clear picture in your minds of the whole scene. The hills on either side of the valley of Elah at Shocohoh were 700 to 800 feet high. The valley below is 3 miles wide, but it grows narrower toward the east till at the camping grounds of the Philistines 'the opposite hills were only about a mile apart at their crests, but their slopes run so far on each side that the wady is only 400 or 500 yards broad at their foot.'—Geikie.

Through the middle of the valley wound a ravine with steep sides, the bed of the winter torrents, 'forming a natural defense to any force drawn up on either side of it.' The Philistines were encamped on the southern slopes; and Saul had assembled an army of defense on the northern, with the valley between, and neither army dared to leave its position, and make an attack across the ravine, whose steep sides would give the enemy a great advantage.

'We may picture to ourselves,' says Conder, 'the two hosts, covering the low rocky hills opposite to each other, and half hidden among the lentisk bushes; between them was the rich expanse of ripening barley and the red banks of the torrent with its white shingly bed; behind all were the distant blue hill-walls of Judah, whence Saul had just come down.'

The natural strength of both positions was very great, since, if either army attacked, they must not only cross the ravine, but also climb the opposite slopes, and so place themselves 'at a great disadvantage; the long delay of the two armies, in face of each ather, was probably due to this fact.'—'Hastings' Dictionary.' Therefore the Philistines proposed a less hazardous mode of fighting.

David showed the daring and heroism of faith. 'Conduct,' says R. J. Campbell, 'to be truly heroic must be lived in the midst of mystery. If you knew as certainly as two and two make four, that it would always pay you to do right, there would be no cost in the right, and no nobleness to be won.'

Bible References.

I. Cor. i., 26-28; Rom. viii., 31; Zech. iv., 6; Psa. xxxiii., 16, 20; xliv., 6, 8; Eph. vi., 10, 13; Jer. ix., 23; Prov. xvi., 18.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, August 9.—Topic—Why and how to be healthy. I. Cor. vi., 19, 20.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, August 3.—Thou shalt bless the Lord. Deut. viii., 10.

Tuesday, August 4.—The law of thank-offerings. Lev. vii., 11-13.

Wednesday, August 5.—Giving thanks to God. Ps. l., 14.

Thursday, August 6.—Be thankful unto Him. Ps. c., 4.

Friday, August 7.—Praise the Lord. Ps. cvi., 1.

Saturday, August 8.—Giving thanks always. Eph. v., 20.

Sunday, August 9.—Topic—One man who said. 'Thank you.' Luke xvii., 11-19.

Religious News.

Well does the 'Indian Witness' say:

'We feel that we ought to call the attention of several American journals to a wrong use on their part of the word Hindu as applied to inhabitants of India, when they mean Indians. A Hindu is a believer in a certain religious system, just as is a Mohammedan or a Buddhist or a Christian. The mistake of Christopher Columbus in supposing he had got to India when he had only run up against America has made lots of trouble. It has led to the misnaming of the aborigines of the Western hemisphere, and now leads some Western journals to say Hindu when they mean Indian. It is awkward to have to say North American Indian and South Asiatic Indian, but it is better to do all that than to call Christian Indians Hindus. If we were asked for a suggestion we would say that the thing to do is to call the inhabitant of India an Indian, and then on occasion to use any qualifying word necessary in referring to the misnamed Indians of America.'

In the 'Mission Field' a native Indian S. P.G. missionary writes as follows of a recent convert named M., who is twenty-nine years old: 'He was a heathen priest of the temple of Mutthumalai Ammon, which is situated at Kurangani in honor of the Ammon, and it is attended by thousands of people from all parts of Southern India, and thousands of sheep are slaughtered for the demon. M. was a priest of this goddess, and his conversion is almost miraculous. When he visited Alvertope, a Christian station, in 1903, he was struck with the mode of Christian worship, and it gave him a good impression which was too strong to be shaken off. On his return to his native village and to the goddess, the impression became stronger. He bought a New Testament and read it, and when I went to the place for the purpose of preaching the Gospel to the Hindus he came forward to answer the queries of a heathen disputant. I asked him after my work was over who he was, and he said that he was a child of Christ. He further requested me that he should be admitted into the Church by baptism. He was one of the candidates for confirmation held last December by the Bishop of Madras.'

In urging the sacredness of the Lord's Day the preacher used this story: 'It came to pass that a man went to market having on his shoulder a string of seven large copper coins (Chinese coins are strung on strings and carried on the shoulder). Seeing a beggar crying for alms, he gave the poor creature six of his seven coins. Then the beggar, instead of being grateful, crept up behind the kind man and stole the seventh coin also. What an abominable wretch! Yes; but in saying this you condemn yourselves. You receive from the hand of the gracious God six days, yet you are not content. The seventh you also steal!'

A missionary writing from China mentions the following results of the mission training classes conducted at Pang Chuang: 'In one class two possible lawsuits were settled after earnest prayer, without going to see the official. In another, eighteen promised to give up tobacco. Nineteen signed the betrothal pledge not to marry children under twenty years of age, not to betroth before nineteen, nor to go in debt for weddings. Forty-two out of deep poverty promised to give the tenth to the Lord's work. A blind old woman of eighty-two years, in a heathen home, took down her kitchen god and put up a calendar. She died soon after and the Christians were permitted to go over and sing at the time of placing the body in the coffin.'

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

N.B.—Ask For Our Special Year End Offer.

Correspondence

THE ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Lillian B. Parks, R., N.B., and Grace Pitt, G. H., N.B., are the first to enrole themselves as members of the R. L. of K.; two from New Brunswick. All those who wish to join must copy out the above pledge and sign their names to it. Send in one copy with your name to the Editor, and keep one where you can see it yourself.

BRAVE ROVER.

Lulu had a pet; in fact she had quite a number, but the one she loved most was a great Newfoundland dog named Rover. He had black, soft, silky hair and great brown eyes. Lulu and Rover would play for hours together, for Lulu had no little brother or sister to play with, only her pets, toys and dolls. Rover could do a lot of tricks, in fact about everything save talk. One day he saved five people from being drowned, and this is how he came to do it: It was a hot July day, and Lulu, her mamma and papa, auntie and little cousin, went for a row on the lake, which was calm when they started, but shortly after a wild storm arose. The boat was overturned, but brave Rover was watching with the crowd who had gathered on the shore, and when he saw the accident he sprang into the water and swam to the people who were drowning. He saved them all. You may be sure Rover was not forgotten.

MAY WILLARD (age 13), L. R., P. Que.

W., N.S.

Dear Editor,—Like all the other little girls and boys I like to read the letters and see the drawings. We had sent us for a present a wall jack. It is made in the form of a darkey—its arms and legs will move by pulling a string. My brother will pull the string and hum a tune or play it on the mouth organ and Jack appears to be dancing and looks very funny. Sometimes at the table papa will talk darkey and Jack will be grinning—he looks as if he understood it all. He has often made us laugh.

MARJORIE L. BARTEAUX.

G., N.S.

Dear Editor,—We have a new barn and the old one is nearly torn down. My oldest sister teaches school quite near here. Sometimes she comes home Friday or Saturday. We are going to have a flag for our school. We live on a hill, and in the winter it makes good sliding. There is a lake near here, where there is good skating also.

ELIZABETH G. RICKER.

P. H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—There was a great amount of snow around here this past winter, which made it inconvenient for travelling, but we children had rare fun coasting down hills. On New Year's day a number of us took our bob-sleighs and went to Prospect Hill and had a glorious time. It is a long, steep hill, and we would go down like lightning, but it wasn't so nice walking back again. One time when we were going, we struck some gravel and all slid over the end of the sleigh into a heap.

EDNA WILSON.

K., Que.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Messenger' for about three months. I enjoy reading the letters very much, and thought I would write. I have three brothers and one sister. We live near the St. Francis River, and about a mile from a good consolidated school. The other day we found a little bird that was not able to fly, and we brought it into the house. It is living yet, and I feed it, but as soon as it can fly we are going to let it go. My sister and I have a little horse not much larger than a pony. Its name is Nellie and we go for a drive nearly every day.

JENNIE ARMSTRONG (age 10).

M. F., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl seven years old, and this is my first letter. I love to get the 'Messenger,' and to read the little girls' and boys' letters. I live on a farm. We have lots of cherries. I love to eat them and to pick berries. I could tell such a lot about the farm life, but it would make the letter too long. I have a good dog and some turkeys and chickens, a collie. I have lots of fun on the farm, but I have no brother or sister. The name of our farm is 'Sunnyside.'

MABEL FORGIE.

Port Wade, N.S.

Dear Editor,—We live on the Annapolis Basin opposite the town of Digby, which is quite a place for summer visitors. There are lots of yachts and pleasure boats on the Basin in summer, and my father has a handsome little power boat. I like the summer best, although we have lots of fun in winter coasting. I have one brother eleven years old named Harry, he is very fond of drawing. The Schr. Mildred K. was named after me.

MILDRED K.

P., Man.

Dear Editor,—We started to take your paper this spring, and when I saw the letters I thought I would write too. I had great fun skating last winter on our slough, and there was a slough about a quarter of a mile away. I could skate up to that on the ditch and then skate about half a mile one way on the slough. Sometimes the wind would be strong and it would drive me along fast. We live two miles and a half from school and drive there with a horse named Billy. We are going to have a new teacher to-morrow. I have a dog named Tip. I have harness for him, but I have no cart.

PERCY STURGEON.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have written to the 'Messenger.' I get it at Sunday School and enjoy reading it very much. I live in a country village now, but last year we moved from Toronto, and I like the country much better than the city. I have two brothers and no sisters. I think the answer to Verna F. Thompson's riddle (July 3) is: One has seen the mist and the other has missed the scene. A NEW LEAF.

A LETTER BAG.

No, we are not proud, but just up and down pleased at all the nice things our little correspondents say about us. We can't print them all, for every letter nearly has some compliment, but here are some of them, and they are specimens of all the rest:

I have taken the 'Messenger' going on two years and like it very much.

CHARLES FANGILL, N. A., N.S.

I have taken the 'Messenger' for nearly two years and we all think it is a nice paper.

ELSIE L. COWIE, C., Ont.

I have been getting the 'Messenger' for two years, for a Christmas present, and like it very much.

HAZLE GEDDES, G., N.Dak.

I have taken the 'Messenger' for quite a while, and thought I would write you a little letter to tell you how much I like it. It is certainly a fine paper, and we all enjoy reading it.

HAZEL J. OUIMET, H., P. Que.

My father has taken the 'Messenger' for a long time, and I like it very much.

W. R. D., A., Ont.

I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for several years and like it very much.

PHYLLIS G. FULLER, H., N.S.

I think the 'Northern Messenger' is the best paper that comes into our house.

HELEN M. DICKIE, B., N.S.

We have always taken the 'Messenger,' and like it very much.

MINNIE WALTERS, F., Ont.

My sister takes the 'Northern Messenger,' and we all like it very much.

ELLA COLBECK, H., MAN.

My brother takes the 'Messenger.' We all enjoy reading it.

ANNIE V. FRASER, R. R., N.B.

We all think that the 'Messenger' is the nicest paper for girls and boys that we have ever seen.

FREDA MORASH, O., N.S.

We all go to Sunday School every Sunday and get the 'Messenger.' Mamma reads the Little Folks Page to us, and we all enjoy it.

FLORENCE MOORE, S., P. Que.

I take the 'Messenger' at Sunday School. I think it is a very nice paper.

ETHEL JESSOP, S., Ont.

BIG MONEY EARNED.

First Money Won.

It is the boys who have the best chance, by all odds, at earning big money and premiums selling the Tercentenary Number of the 'Canadian Pictorial' (15 cents a copy), yet to one of our girl agents in New Brunswick, Miss Margaret Miller, belongs the honor of being first to win the bonus flag. Within two days after the July issue was off the press, Miss Miller sent in cash order for 100 copies, thus securing a good supply of Tercentenary Numbers and her flag by return of mail. Who'll be the next to get the bonus?

For one hundred copies sold, either for commission or premiums, we give a Canadian Ensign (best wool bunting); or if you prefer it or already have a flag, we give, to the boys, a Sheffield combination knife, two blades, and seven useful tools, and to the girls a gold-filled neck chain, very dainty, and of good quality. The bonus is in each case EXTRA over and above all other profits. It is worth while working vigorously now to reach the 100 mark with July's Number, but if you can't quite reach it, get as near as you can, and we will give you the chance to complete your 100 with August issue, as already said.

To show how much can be done with a very little effort, two small boys in less than half an hour after supper had a dozen sold, each securing a fine Rogers (Sheffield Jack Knife, a regular two-bladed, man's knife, and they only stopped at the end of the half hour because their faith had been small, and they had only sent for six each, so couldn't sell more till the next and much larger supply was rushed forward.

The beautiful quality of the 'Tercentenary Pictorial' appeals to everyone; paper and printing of the very best. And its beauty grows upon you. Your customers admire it more every time they look at it, and those who to-day thought one or two would be enough, to-morrow may want several more for other friends they wish to remember.

This is the time to 'hustle,' for your commission is good, while the public get good value for their 15 cents.

Remember: Only Six sold at 15 cents and you get a SPLENDID JACK KNIFE—always useful, or a PAIR OF GOLD-FILLED CUFF LINKS. Send along the 90 cents and you get your premium by return mail as well as your papers. Larger premiums for larger sales.

Show this to your chum. Tell him THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE. All orders promptly filled. Your order for 6 gets the same careful attention we would give to an order of 600 or 6,000.

Address John Dougall & Son,, 'Witness' Building, Montreal.

N.B.—If they are all gone, you get your money back, but we are holding a special reserve supply for our boy dealers, and you can depend on us to fill your order if possible.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Grasshopper Green.

Grasshopper Green is a comical chap,
He lives on the best of fare;
Bright little jacket and trousers and cap,
These are his summer wear,
Out in the meadow he loves to go,
Playing away in the sun,
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
Summer's the time for fun!

Grasshopper Green has a dozen wee boys;
And soon as their legs grow strong,
Each of them joins in his frolicsome joys,
Singing his merry song,
Under the hedge in a happy row,
Soon the day is begun,
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
Summer's the time for fun!

Grasshopper Green has a quaint little house
It's under the hedge so gay,
Grandmother Spider, as still as a mouse,
Watches him over the way.
Gladly he's calling the children, I know,
Out in the beautiful sun;
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
Summer's the time for fun!

—'Presbyterian Witness.'

The Lemon Hibicus.

One of the most useful trees of the South Sea Islands is the lemon hibiscus. On the volcanic islands it grows luxuriantly, attaining a height of thirty feet. At first it shoots straight up, but when mature, bends to the earth and takes root, thus covering the soil in a few years with an impenetrable jungle, the hiding-place of the conquered in the old, bloody days. The showy, yellow flowers cover the jungle with a blaze of color in blossom-time. The round, flat leaves are just the size of a dinner plate, and were formerly the only plates used. While the boys climbed the bread-fruit tree for the family dinner, the girls gathered the dishes from the hibiscus tree.

While the sapwood of this wonderful tree is useless, the heart is of a very dark-green color fragrant as rosewood. So light that it is used to float anchors, it is so tough that it is used for the stem, stern, and keels of boats, and for paddles for canoes and rafters for houses. It also furnishes nearly all the firewood on the islands. The inner bark furnishes string and rope, and the dried leaves a valuable medicine. Not satisfied with these good deeds, the lemon hibiscus adds still another. Nothing exhausts the soil like growing yams or cotton; in ten years it is utterly impoverished. Then the natives allow it to become overrun with lemon hibiscus bush, and when the timber is heavy—in an amazingly short time—the soil is renewed. The soil which was dry and hard is now light and rich. One variety of the hibiscus with red blossoms grows in the Hervey group. This is called the shoeblack tree, for all that one needs when the shoes need blackening, is to rub the petals of the hibiscus on them, and presto, they are black and shiny!—Helen Barrett Montgomery, in 'Christus Redemptor.'

Creating a Literature.

Five thin volumes brought out of a trunk and laid in a row along the table—these were what a brave missionary had to show for the literary effort of fifteen years. They were in a foreign tongue, were neat, but with a suggestion of meagerness, and make a small showing beside the books of the literary friend whom he was visiting, and who has been a somewhat constant writer and has published much. The guest said, as he laid them down, 'Of course, these are hardly books at all, in any such sense as yours, but they are useful in our modest work.'

But his friend looked at them with kindling interest that grew to admiration. 'Tell me how you made them,' he said.

'Well, the first was our little Testament. We got out Mark first as a separate book; but we printed extra sheets of each Gospel while we had it in type. We had type only for four pages, so we had to print and distribute. It was a long, slow task.

'When I went out to the islands I had never seen a book bound. I took a few lessons in printing, but neglected the binding. After I got there I took a book apart to see how it was made, and I taught it to the native boys in our school. They learned it well. They could take your finely made Oxford Bible apart and rebind it skilfully now. But it took long and patient work to get that degree of efficiency which you see in our first book. I trimmed every book by hand with a knife.

'Then I grew ambitious to keep our scattered work related by means of an occasional leaflet. This book is a complete file of our monthly paper. In every number is a hymn which I wrote. And there is always a little sermon,—about two "sticks" of type,—and there are a few news items. You have no idea what a medium of intelligence and righteousness that little sheet has proved. Badly printed, I know. The roller in our printing-press was made from an old clothes-wringer; and we had other economies and adjustments.

'We got mail once a year, and if we ran out of "sorts" it took two years to get new type. So don't be critical of wrong fonts.

'Here is a volume of leaflets which we issued, tracts I suppose they might be called; little treatises, four pages long, for popular distribution.

'Then, as my school grew and took on something like academic proportions, I made this little volume, which is both theology and homiletics. I gave lectures with a good English text-book before me, simplifying the text and adapting it to the needs of my students; and had them give me corrected copies of their notes, which, compared and corrected, gave me the material in their vernacular as I could not myself have phrased it. Discussions served to correct errors, and in time we got this little volume.

'Then, last of all, we got this little book of physiology. In it is all the science which we have been able thus far to incorporate in our course. See this chart of the circulation of the blood? We made the red ink out of soft soap and native dyes, and it worked well. It teaches our people to care for their bodies, temples of the Holy Spirit.

'When the storm destroyed our houses, but spared the five hundred copies of this book, just bound, and in a locked case that somehow was not injured, I felt that I could spare the buildings since our books were saved.

'While in this country I want to get some cuts for our next book, which is to be a history. I have the manuscript of it ready.

'It is hard, slow work, and a very humble work compared with yours.'

But the author took the five little volumes and looked at them reverently, and said:

'My friend, you don't know what you are talking about! I have written books that have caught the passing fancy of a surfeited people who forgot my name as soon as they had closed the book, and flung the volume to the ragman to catch the next sensation. You have created a literature. People will remember you as they worship God and teach their children lessons of purity and beauty. You, with your mixed fonts and your soap red ink and your clothes-wringer printing-press, are doing an immortal work.'—'Youth's Companion.'

A Little Christopher.

'Do the work that's nearest,
Though it's dull at whiles;
Helping when we see them,
Lame dogs over stiles.'

The twins had coal-black hair, and eyes like holes through a blanket. In everything their mother made them share and share alike; except, indeed, as to name, where a difference being necessary, it became no greater than could be helped. They were christened Jan and John.

'Good boys to go to school!' Martha Gradidge thought, as she stood, hands on hips, and watched the little lads with pride, as they set off day by day. Up the rough lane, bordered with flowery copse, lay their way, across a daisy-strewn meadow, and by and by for a short stretch out on to the white, dusty road.

'There ain't another pair to match 'em in the whole country-side!' she would murmur with satisfied glance, and understood all the boy's own eagerness to beat the attendance record. For this reason breakfast was always on the table in good time, and the dinner satchels packed ready to start without a moment's delay.

They had kept the record now, not missing once for almost three years. Jan, too, had ever been a bit puny, not robust nor sturdy, like John.

The accident happened in an instant, as accidents will do, and all through little Jan's anxiety to be of use. The boys had been returning from school just at the time that Sykes, the carter, watered his horses in the pond. Having drunk their fill, the great animals splashed leisurely out, and Ned, to save dismounting waved the boys to open the stableyard gate. Jan, with delight, ran as hard as he could, but just when the gate swung heavily back, he lost his grasp, slipped, and fell to the ground with a badly-twisted ankle.

'Well, there's one thing certain, you won't be able to walk to school to-morrow, that's very evident,' said Martha Gradige, when she lifted Jan on to a shiny black sofa that stood at the other end of the room.

'Not go to school?' repeated little Jan, and a look of real distress swept over his already troubled face.

'Why, child, how can you go on a leg twice its right size, like that?' asked Martha, and she spoke testily because at heart she knew the cause of the boy's disappointment, and felt as if it had been her own.

In another instant a sob from behind struck her ear.

'What! the pair of you!' she exclaimed.

'It's the record, mother; he'll break his attendance,' pleaded John, 'and only three weeks more.'

'Yes, it is unfortunate,' said Martha, 'and I like you to be well spoken of and happy over your prizes more than any one, but I don't see what's to be done. 'Tain't as if I were a fine lady with a carriage at the door, and tears won't pick up spilt milk. There, John, take the little red book the teacher gave you, and read aloud to Jan.'

The book contained the story of the soldier-saint, Christopher, who, from being a man powerful for all evil, and placing his strength at the service of a bad king, was led to serve a greater, and in humility and penitence fulfilled the task of carrying wayfarers across a deep river. Jan grew interested, and his cheeks flushed as he listened to the coming of the little child, whose weight at first seemed that of a feather in those brawny arms. Yet, as he gained the middle of the flood, the strong giant stood still and trembled beneath his burden, which pressed upon him like the world's burden, and was, indeed, that of the Lord of Life Himself, Who came to bless His stray servant in the form of a little child.

John read on, and as he read, an idea suddenly came.

'Mother!' he cried, 'let me carry Jan to school, and then he won't lose his chance. You wouldn't mind my carrying of you pick-a-back, would you, Janny?'

At the very thought the little boy's eyes sparkled. 'Shouldn't I be too heavy, John?'

Mrs. Gradidge looked doubtful, but in the end John extracted a promise that he might try for at least one day.

Naturally, he had to start at an early hour, and take many rests, still, a good part of the way lay downhill, and the return journey proved the worst.

At school, the master let Jan put his foot on an old box, and excused his standing. He was, in fact, not a little pleased with Jan and John.

. . . . . .

So Jan, as well as John, had kept the record and gained his prize, and he had not been lacking in courage. Very often his ankle had been so painful that it had not always been

easy to fix his attention on his books when he got to school.

John, however, had won more than a prize.—Mabel Escombe, in the 'Churchman.'

A Little More.

There are several classes of young men. There are those who do not do all of their duty, there are those who profess to do their duty, and there is a third class, far better than the other two, that do their duty and a little more. There are many great pianists, but Paderewski is at the head because he does a little more than the others. There are hundreds of race-horses, but it is those who go a few seconds faster than the others that acquire renown. So it is in the sailing of yachts. It is the little more that wins. So it is with young and old men who can do a little more than their duty. No one can cheat a young man out of success in life. Do your duty and a little more, and the future will take care of itself.—Andrew Carnegie.

If You Want to be Loved.

Don't contradict people, even if you're sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe all the evil you hear.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Don't overdress or underdress.

Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism.

Learn to attend to your own business—a very important point.

Don't try to be anything else but a gentlewoman or a gentleman, and that means one who has consideration for the whole world and whose life is governed by the golden rule: 'Do unto others as you would be done by.'—'Christian World.'

Dolly's Dream.

Dolly was in a very discontented frame of mind. Everything seemed to have gone wrong on this particular summer's day. To begin with, she had not learnt her lessons properly, then she had been rude to her governess, and, after luncheon, just when she had hoped to have a happy afternoon's play with her brothers, they had determined on a game of cricket, and told her that a girl was no use for fielding, and she had better stay at home. To crown all, her mother had asked her to walk into Hurston, to see Jackie Hodge, the gardener's son, a poor little cripple, whom Mrs. Dalrymple often visited.

It certainly was a very hot day, and Dolly did not like hot days, and therefore it was with a very dismal face that she set out on her long walk. The way to Hurston lay through a little wood, and, as Dolly plunged into the cool shade, she gave a sigh of relief, and, seeing an old tree at hand with a low, inviting-looking trunk, she thought there could be no harm in resting for a few minutes. Mother certainly had asked her to be quick, but it would be so much nicer not to hurry out of this lovely cool wood. Besides, Dolly had brought a book with her, and reading was her dear delight.

And thus it came to pass that, while poor Jackie was waiting anxiously for the promised visitor, Dolly was quietly sitting in the shade of the tree, forgetting all about time and everything else in the enjoyment of her new book. Mother had given it to her for her birthday last week, and this was the first opportunity she had found for reading it. The stories were delightful, all about knights in armor rescuing beautiful ladies from dragons, and as Dolly read on she made up her mind that she really could not go as far as Hurston that afternoon, and Jackie and his pains were soon quite forgotten in the thrilling accounts of quests and tournaments.

Dolly laid down her book at length, and, leaning her head back against the tree, she heaved a deep sigh. 'Oh, how I wish I had lived in those days!' she murmured, 'instead of being just a dull little girl in a stupid old village, with a cross governess and brothers who play cricket; and how I wish I could ride on a milk-white palfrey, instead of going horrid hot walks to see cripples! I should like to be a beautiful lady, with flowing golden hair, and, oh, I do wish there were terrible dragons nowadays, and brave knights to conquer them!'

'DOLLY WAS QUIETLY SITTING IN THE SHADE.'

'And so there are,' said a deep, gentle voice beside her; and, opening her eyes in great surprise, Dolly saw a beautiful knight, in shining armor. On his shield was a great red cross, and engraved round it Dolly read this motto, 'Fight for the right.' 'I heard you speaking,' continued the beautiful knight, 'and I wanted to tell you that there are still noble victories to be won, still wrongs to right and battles to fight; and, if only you had eyes to see, all around the oppressed and the sorrowful are still waiting for aid and deliverance. Just now, as I came through the village, I heard a child crying in a cottage, and, as I paused and listened at the window, I heard him moan, "I'm so tired of waiting! Oh! why didn't she come?" Some one must have disappointed him,' said the knight; 'some one who started on a quest and then turned back—some one who had a battle to fight, but who did not strive for victory.' Then, bending his head closer to Dolly's ear, he said, in a low voice, 'There is a terrible dragon named Self, and each one of us is sent into the battlefield of this world to gain the victory over him. Be brave, my child, and never yield to this great enemy.'

'Oh, I never will again!' sobbed Dolly, whose tears were falling fast by now. 'I will try to be brave and fight—indeed, indeed, I will.'

The beautiful knight raised his hand solemnly, as if in blessing, and Dolly slipped down from the tree.

'God bless you!' said the knight, very gently; and when Dolly raised her head he had vanished from sight, and there was nothing to see but the rays of the setting sun flickering through the branches, whilst the birds sang overhead. The air was very cool, and Dolly knew it must be getting late. She rubbed her eyes very hard. Was it possible she had been asleep all this time, and that everything had been a dream? Perhaps so, and yet she almost felt she could see the knight's sad eyes gazing at her, and hear his gentle words of reproach. The book had fallen to the ground. Dolly caught it up now, and, without pausing to take breath, hastened on to the cottage at Hurston. She ran up the garden path, burst into the little room, and fell on her knees beside Jackie's couch. There, between her tears, she begged him to forgive her for being so selfish, and poured out the whole story of the beautiful knight. Then she gave him her new book, and begged him to keep it for his very own, and promised she would come and read some of it to him the next day.

When Dolly reached home that evening she told mother everything. 'I wonder what he knight's name was,' she said, when she came to the end of her dream; and mother said, 'He is a knight who comes to all of us at times, Dolly dear, and I think his name is Conscience.'—'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

The Eastroyds and the Murwoods

BY SARAH SELINA HAMER. IN THE 'ALLIANCE NEWS.'

(Chapter V.—The New Vicar. Continued.)

'How thankful I am,' he said to his wife, in view of Mrs. Murwood's return to Clapperton, 'that we shall not be amongst those who will place temptation in the way of a weak sister in Christ. I marvel,' he added, 'that so few Christian people see their duty in this respect, as St. Paul shows us he saw his, in his declaration to the Corinthians, with regard to meat which had been offered to idols, a stumbling block in his day, as strong dring is in ours. "Wherefore," he said, "if meat make my brother to offend I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."'

'I think you had better preach from that text,' said Mrs. Vincent, with a smile.

'I mean to do so, and that very soon,' said her husband; 'and I shall not fail to point out the great need there is for the application of this principle in the matter of alcoholic drinks.'

And the Vicar was as good as his word, backing up his position with such admonitions as:—'Let us not, therefore, judge one another any more, but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.' 'It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.' And, 'We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves.'

'I think,' concluded the Vicar, 'and I cannot doubt that most of you will agree with me, that the last clause in the admonition I have just quoted to you, from the writings of St. Paul, clenches the whole argument, fills up any chink of excuse we may have found for ourselves; resolves, in fact, the whole thing into a nutshell—we, as Christians, "ought not to please ourselves," but to please our blessed Master, who has set us the example of pleasing, of helping, of guarding others.'

Matthew Murwood was at church that Sunday evening, and uttering scarcely a word he walked home with Mr. Vincent to the Vicarage.

'Can I speak with you privately?' he asked, when he arrived there.

'Certainly,' said Mr. Vincent, leading the way into his library.

'I have been a great sinner, Mr. Vincent,' he said, when the two were seated, 'in the matter of this use of alcohol. Strong myself, I have had no sympathy with the weak. And terribly I have been punished.'

And then Mr. Murwood, strong, proud man as he was, told the sad story of his wife's weakness and his own obstinacy, in a way which a year ago would have been impossible to him. But much sorrow had humbled and softened him.

'You must have heard of her, of course,' he said, 'and as she is so shortly coming back I thought it right you should know the truth about her. If I had only seen my duty before, as you have made me see it to-night,' he added, with a sorrowful bitterness impossible to describe, 'she need never have gone away; in all likelihood the tendency might have been stifled, and—and I should still have had—my boy. Even after all this had happened,' he went on, 'so dull a scholar have I been that, until to-night, I only meant to keep the drink out of the house, not to give it up myself, by any means. I—I——' But Matthew Murwood could not go on.

'But now—now,' filled in the Vicar, 'you are willing to forego what you can take without danger, for the sake of upholding one who is weak? You no longer wish to please yourself? I thank God for it! Especially am I thankful because, sad as it is to say it, I have known cases where the slumbering appetite for strong drink has been roused by the mere inhaling of the breath of those who have partaken of it.'

'Draw me up a form,' said Matthew Murwood, hoarsely; 'witness my signing of it, Vincent, and may God forgive my former selfishness and hardness.'

And we need hardly say that the Vicar joyfully complied with the request.

Chapter VI.—Re-Union.

On a day when the summer sunshine was flooding the Brameld Road, and making vivid the pink, and red, and white blossoms in the little garden of Beech Cottage Ellen Murwood came back to Clapperton and to her new home. Everything smiled welcome upon her there. Though comparatively so humble the rooms were all in beautiful order, and adorned with graceful plants and perfumed flowers, looked inviting and cheery. Her husband had met her at the station, and one glance at him had given her the assurance of his full forgiveness, and of his old tenderness for her having been revived. Their children had been brought down from Underband House, and oh, what a delight it was to Ellen once more to clasp them in her arms.

And Kate was there, with loving sisterly caresses, and merry speeches; and later there came Ernest, to fetch her, and to give his sister an affectionate greeting. Lucy also looked in, and promised to bring her baby on the morrow. No reference was made to the past. It was as if she had been away on a long visit, had been sorely missed, and was now as gladly welcomed. Only her husband, in referring to the change in their worldly circumstances, said to her, when they were alone:—

'I am sorry to bring you to so small a house, Ellen, I am afraid you will find yourself very much cramped.'

And Ellen, nestling close to him, made answer:—

'I do not mind it in the least, Mat. We can begin a new life better here. With God's help,' she murmured, brokenly, 'I do mean henceforth to be a good wife to you; and—a good mother.'

Her husband stooped and kissed her tenderly.

'That past is for ever gone; let us never mention it more,' he said, gently. 'I have been quite as much to blame as you. But as you say, we will begin a new life here. And oh, Ellen dear, it is good to have you home again!'

The Vicar and his wife were amongst their first callers, and Mrs. Vincent, taking a strong liking for Ellen, a firm friendship was soon established between them. Ellen and Lucy, too, soon became as sisters, and living so near saw a great deal of each other. Kate also came as often as she could to Beech Cottage; but the birth of a little son in October, 'clipped her wings a little,' as her father said.

Joshua Northrop was immensely proud of his little grandson and namesake, and spent quite as much time at Underbank House as he did at Kood Nook, after his advent.

'There is no keeping father out of the nursery,' laughed the happy young mother.

Indeed, it would be difficult to point out three happier homes than at this time were those in whose wellbeing we are most specially interested. But fresh trouble was looming up for them outside. It must always be on or above the horizon of those whose friends tamper with the intoxicating cup.

(To be continued.)

As long as the soldier slinks outside the battle he carries a whole skin; but let him plunge in and follow the captain, and he will soon have the bullets flying about him.—F. B. Meyer.

Lost.

'Reckon you're going to catch it this time, Miss Burnham, and that's no joke.'

Something in the clerk's voice made Louise Burnham look up quickly. Dick Sanford—little, good-natured, kind-hearted Dick, whom she had snubbed ever since she had entered the office, although he had been so unfailingly patient in helping her over hard places—was standing beside her, his queer face furrowed with distress.

'What's the matter?' she asked, alarmed by his expression. 'What have I done?'

'Blundered,' Dick returned, shaking his head. 'It's a pickle and no mistake, Miss Burnham. It was the boss's day to make his big speech, you know, and he fumbled it,—got regularly rattled; couldn't understand it at first,—then discovered half a dozen big blunders in your copy of his notes. I don't want to be in your shoes. I'm not sure I wouldn't put on my hat and walk out before he gets back. I came ahead to warn you.'

Louise grew white and started from her seat. Then she laughed and sank back, carelessly twisting the diamond on her left hand.

'Don't you worry about me, Dick,' she said. 'I'm not going to run a typewriter all my life! If I get turned off now it won't make much difference—nothing but a gown or two, and I've got most an I want, anyhow.'

As it happened she was not turned off then, although she was sharply reprimanded and warned that such carelessness could not be overlooked a second time. Louise took the rebuke sullenly. Three weeks later she was married. Three years later, a widow with a child to support, she applied to her old employer.

Dick was no longer there, and a new clerk took her name and errand. In a few minutes he returned with a note. Mr. Holbrook regretted that Mrs. Stacey's work while in his office had not been of such a quality as to permit him to give her a recommendation.

White and heart-sick, Louise turned away. Before her stretched the long road where, weary and stumbling, an endless procession, the unskilled workers plodded. Oh, if she had but realized when she had her opportunity!—'Youth's Companion.'

Our Daily Reckoning.

If you sit down at set of sun
And count the acts that you have done,
And, counting, find
One self-denying act; one word
That eased the breast of him who heard;
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then you may count that day well spent

But if throughout the livelong day
You've cheered no heart by 'yea' or 'nay'
If through it all
You've nothing done that you can trace
That brought the sunshine to one face
In act most small,
That helped one soul and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.

—Selected.

Try it This Week.

Let no day pass without personal secret communion with God.

Begin each day by taking counsel from the Word of God, if but one verse while you are dressing.

Put away all bitter feelings, and brooding over slights or wrongs, no matter from whom received.

Have on your heart some person or cause for which you are pleading God's blessings each day.

Let no opportunity pass without owning your Saviour before others, and modestly urging all to accept His service.

Let no opportunity pass to say a kind word, do some kind deed, or at least smile upon those you meet. Do this, not affectedly, but sincerely as unto the Lord.

Guard well the door of your lips that no unchaste word, jest or story, no slander or cutting remarks, no irreverent or untruthful statement, shall pass out.

Zip Coon's Ride.

(By Helen Clifton.)

Zip Coon was a dear little Angora kitten; his fur, which was long and soft, was striped like a tiger's; his dainty pointed ears had white linings which grew in little tufts like tassels, and he had the sweetest, most intelligent face you ever saw.

Zip Coon lived in the country on a large farm where there were many other animals; he was fond of them all, but his favorite was Stella, the pony. Marguerite, his little mistress, had named Stella from the pretty white star on her forehead. The pony and the kitten soon became good friends, and Marguerite often found Zip Coon curled up in the manger when she went out to see her pony; but he was not at all like the dog in the manger who made the poor horse so unhappy. On the contrary, Stella seemed to like to have Zip Coon visit her, and she would look at Marguerite as if to say, 'Isn't he cunning? You may be sure I will not let anyone harm him.'

Whenever Marguerite drove out in her pony cart and Zip Coon was in sight, he would run up to his mistress and look up in her face as if to say, 'May I go, too?' Marguerite would lift him up on the seat, but he would sit still only a short time, then he seemed so uncomfortable Marguerite would drop him by the roadside, and he would scamper home.

Dan, the little black and tan house dog, was more fond of driving than Zip Coon, and when he received an invitation from his mistress, he wagged his tail and looked as happy as a dog possibly could. Then he would jump up on the seat and sit beside Marguerite, looking as demure as if he had been trained to ride in pony carts.

Now Stella was also a fine saddle pony, and Marguerite enjoyed a brisk canter across country in the early morning or late afternoon as much as her drives; especially if brother Harold could go with her. But Harold's studies were so exacting since he had entered Technology that he did not always have time to accompany his sister.

One bright October afternoon when all the trees were dressed in their most brilliant colors, Marguerite came home from school and told her mother that she would like to take a horseback ride, the country looked so pretty and the roads so inviting. 'If only Harold were here to go with me,' she said, 'but I guess Dan will go along for company.' Stella was saddled and led out for her young mistress to mount. 'Wait a minute, Stella, you shall have an apple,' said Marguerite, as she ran out to the orchard to get one.

Zip Coon was lying on the lawn, winking and blinking in the bright sunlight; suddenly he jumped up, and with a spring landed on Stella's back, as he had often done when she was in her stall. But this was a different case; Stella was free, and feeling the weight on her back, she started off at a brisk canter. Poor Zip Coon was terrified; with his fur bristling, his tail erect, and his eyes looking as if they were going to pop out of his head, he clung to the saddle.

Fortunately Stella had not gone far down the road when Harold appeared walking home from the station. He was greatly amused to see Stella with such a strange rider, but he stopped her and lifted Zip Coon gently down. By this time poor kitty's heart was beating wildly, and it was a long time before he regained his composure.

Meanwhile Marguerite had been looking anxiously for Stella, and when she met Harold leading her pony home and heard the story of Zip Coon's wild ride, she said, 'Naughty Stella, to frighten our little kitty so, now I shall not give you the apple. Harold may have it instead, to reward him for his brave rescue.'

Harold had come home early to ride with his sister, so all ended well, but Zip Coon never took an uninvited ride again.—The 'Child's Hour.'

Great I and Little You.

'How do you like that new neighbor of yours?' asked Herbert Green's big brother Wallace, who had seen the two little boys playing in the yard.

'O, you mean George Worthman?' said Herbert. 'Why, I don't know. I like him and I don't like him.'

Wallace laughed.

'Then you quarrel a little sometimes,' said he. 'Is that it?'

'No, we don't quarrel,' said Herbert. 'I don't let him know when I am mad with him.'

'What does he do to make you mad with him?' asked Wallace.

'O, he says things!' said Herbert.

'Such as what?'

'Well, he looks at my marbles, and says, "Is that all you've got? I have five times as many as that—splendid ones, too. They'd knock those all to smash."'

'Ah, I see!' said Wallace. "It is a clear case of 'great I and little you.'"

'What do you mean?' asked Herbert.

'Well, if you don't find out by Saturday night, I'll tell you,' said Wallace.

This was on Monday. On Wednesday afternoon Herbert was out at play, and presently George Worthman came out. Wallace was in his room reading, with the windows open, and could hear all that was said.

George brought his kite with him, and asked Herbert if he could go to the common with him to fly his kite?

'O, yes, if mother is willing,' said Herbert. 'But where did you get that kite? Made it yourself, didn't you? I've got one ever so much bigger than that, with yards and yards of tail, and when we let it out it goes out of sight quick, now, I can tell you.'

'That ain't the best I can make,' said George; 'but if I had a bigger one I couldn't patch it or hold it after it was up.'

'Pooh! I could hold one that pulled like ten horses!' said Herbert; and he ran to ask his mother if he could go with George to the common. His mother was willing if Wallace would go, too; and so, after a little good-natured bothering, Wallace took his hat and Herbert got his kite and twine, and the three boys set off for the common.

George's kite was pitched first and went up in fine style. Then Herbert's went off and soon passed it, for it had a long string, and both were far up in the sky.

'There, now,' said Herbert, 'didn't I tell you my kite would beat yours all to nothing? There ain't another kite in town that will begin to be a match for it.'

'How is this? How is this?' said Wallace. 'Seems to me 'great I and little you' are around here pretty thick.'

'What do you mean by that?' said both little boys.

'Why, when a fellow says that he has the best marbles and the best kite and the swiftest sled and the handsomest wheel and the most knowing dog anywhere in town we say that his talk is all "great I and little you."'

Herbert looked at George and blushed a little. The boys had great fun with their kites; and when they got home and Wallace and Herbert went upstairs to put away the kite, Herbert said: 'Well, my kite did beat George's, just as I told you it would.'

'That is true,' said Wallace, 'but you said the other day that you liked George and didn't like him, because he was always telling how much bigger and better his things were than yours, and now today you are making yourself disagreeable to him by bragging about your kite. Now, if you want the boys to like you, my lad, you must give up talking 'great I and little you,' for it is not sensible nor kind.'—'Round Table.'

The Runaway Kite.

When John was four years old, grandpa made him his first kite. It was a big one and pulled hard when it was up high, and it was not easy for a little boy to hold it. Grandpa used to help him put it up, and then hold on to the string with him. John wanted very much to hold it alone, so one day, after grandpa had helped him to put it up, he left him

in the big field. There was a strong breeze, and it pulled hard; but John held on tight. It soon pulled so hard it pulled him along. Down through the big field he went, almost running. There was a brook running across the field. The kite would not stop. What was he to do? He would not let go, and it took him right into the brook. His feet slipped on the stones, and splash! he went into the cold water. As he fell, the string slipped out of his fingers, and away sailed the kite. John picked himself up and ran back to the house, crying: 'O, grandpa! It is a naughty kite! It pulled me into the brook, and now it has run away.'—'Primary Education.'

What There's Time For.

Lots of time for lots of things,
Though it's said that time has wings.
There is always time to find
Ways of being sweet and kind;
There is always time to share
Smiles and goodness everywhere;
Time to send the frowns away,
Time a gentle word to say,
Time for helpfulness, and time
To assist the weak to climb,
Time to give a little flower,
Time for friendship, any hour.
But there is no time to spare
For unkindness anywhere.

—Frank Walcott Hutt.

Three and an Apple.

(By Sydney Dayre, in the 'Child's Hour.')

Ted and Tom and Jack were walking along a road in the country when they saw an apple lying on the ground.

'O-o-o-o-o!' It was three long O's in one. There was a scramble as three small boys rolled over and over together.

'I'll have it,' said Ted.

'You shan't,' screamed Tom. 'I saw it first.'

'I've got it,' said Jack, as they picked themselves up from the scramble.

What an apple it was, so large and red and round.

'I say,' said Ted, 'it ought to be all of us-es.'

'Yes,' said Tom. 'You're going to cut it into three halves, aren't you, Jack?'

'No, indeed, I'm not,' said Jack. 'I got it and it's mine. Must 'a' fell out of that wagon that went by. I'm going to take it home and eat it all alone by myself. Biggest apple I ever saw in my life.'

He held it out to admire it. Ted gave a jump and snatched it. Tom sprang at him and knocked it out of his hand. With a big cry of anger Jack threw himself into the fight, and the three rolled over together.

The apple rolled, too. It rolled and rolled down a little hill. An old cow was walking quietly along a road which crossed the foot of the hill, stopping now and then to take a nip of clover.

And just as Ted and Tom and Jack were gathering themselves up that cow saw that apple. She opened her mouth, made one mouthful of it, and that was the last of it.

'I wish,' whimpered Jack, 'that we'd cut it into three halves.'

A Tale of a Green Umbrella.

(By M. I. Lombard, in the 'Children's Work.')

I'll tell you a tale of a green umbrella,
A wee little dog, and his mistress Stella,
Who are all so brave that they go together
Out into the stormiest kind of weather.

Now do you suppose that this maid named Stella,
Her dear little dog, and her green umbrella,

—'Youth's Companion.'

Stay home from the Band because of the weather?
Why, no! Just as usual, they all go together.

"It may not be raining in China," says Stella,
"So I'll go to the Band with my green umbrella;
'Twould be a great shame if the schools altogether
Should have to be closed on account of our weather."

The Two Paths.

Up the hill (perhaps you know)
Always two long pathways go.
Something tells me that the one
Starting with the morning sun,
Smiling, cheery, wide-awake,
Is the one I'd better take.
Something tells me that the way
Starting with a cloudy day,
With the storm clouds in the air,
Is the path I'd best beware.
Little fears come rolling down
All the sorry Path of Frown.
But I think the Path of Smile
Well worth anybody's while.

—Frank Walcott Hutt.

Cinder and the Hat.

(By Bessie R. Hoover, in the 'Reformed Church Messenger.')

As Cinder walked into the parlor on his way to the softest chair in the room, he was surprised to see a strange-looking object lying on the floor.

It was Dorothy's new leghorn hat, trimmed with pink rosebuds and white silk ribbon; but Cinder did not know just what to make of it, for he was only a kitten.

But the big hat with the pink rosebuds never moved from where it lay on the floor. Cinder came nearer and sniffed at the pretty buds and the green velvet leaves.

Then he started towards the big easy-chair. After all, the queer thing was not good to eat. But a breeze, coming through the open window, fluttered the white silk bows till they seemed to be alive. And Cinder pounced on the hat—may be it was made to play with.

He clawed the ribbons and worried the pink rosebuds, tearing them with his sharp teeth and chewing the rubber stems, while the poor buds nodded helplessly.

When the kitten tired of playing with the hat, he curled up like a gray ball in the crumpled crown and went to sleep.

'Sakes alive!' cried Aunt Elinor, as she came into the parlor, 'where did Cinder find this old hat?'

Dorothy was with her.

'Why, Aunt Elinor, it's my new leghorn hat. Oh, dear, oh, dear!'

'But how did Cinder get your hat, Dorothy?'

'I guess, Auntie, it must have been on the floor.'

'Didn't you hang up your hat?'

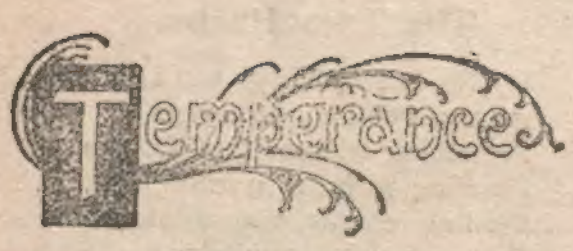
'N-o-o, I just came to the door and flung it in. I didn't suppose that anything could happen to it in the parlor. Can't you straighten it out, Aunt Elinor?'

'No; it can never be worn again; I shall put it in the rag-bag,' said Aunt Elinor, as she picked up the ruined hat. 'You, know, Dorothy, I have told you again and again not to throw your things about.'

'But I forgot to hang it up. I was in such a hurry to play,' answered the small girl.

'Well, this will be a good lesson; it will help you to remember.'

And that is the reason why little Dorothy had to wear her old brown sailor hat to the party the next afternoon.



Pledge Total Abstinence.

Avoid as you advance in years the special temptations that come to young men. I am not going to mention all of them, only one —intemperance. As you go through the world and watch your fellowmen, you find the majority of failures in life due to intemperance. This vice of intemperance attacks the weak and the strong, the educated and the ignorant. It is generous, open-hearted men that are the most exposed to this terrible curse. Determine, then, to avoid that temptation. I would advise every man to go forth armed; stop at once. Pledge total abstinence. A man is absolutely secure with it; without it there is danger. It is all very well for a young man to say, 'I'll take only one glass,' but will he stop at one? Pledge total abstinence; for there is in it discipline, and discipline makes character. The underlying principle of character is self-control. If we practice this self-control on one point, we almost surely shall practice it in everything.—Archbishop Ireland.

Keep the Boys on the Farm.

Fathers and mothers on the farm, before your boys have hearkened to the call of the city, show them the opportunities that await them at home. Begin a course of education that will enable them to improve these opportunities, sending them to agricultural schools whenever possible. Then, the chances are, when the siren promises of the city do catch their ears, they will be so deeply concerned in becoming successful farmers that they will not be lured from the soil.

The desertion of the farm and overcrowding of the city by unskilled workers from the country are two big factors in raising the price of foodstuffs and lowering wages in the cities, where competition holds the knife at every second man's throat. These desertions have verily become a national menace.

Educationally, industrial training is what the country most needs, and we will not get this sufficiently until there is waged a vigorous campaign of enlightenment by the state normal schools, the agricultural colleges and the Department of Agriculture, according to Secretary Wilson of that department, to show the American people just how much national greatness with us lies in the hands of the farmer. Agreeing with the secretary, we would emphasize the fact that even this educational work cannot bring about the desired results without the help of the mothers and fathers on the farm who must instill the idea in the minds of the boys and girls on the old home place. The wise mother there puts by the ambition which spurred the mother of the last generation to disregard the dictates of her heart and urge her boy cityward in search of a life work. She knows that success may be found at home, even if it be the unblazoned kind that will never be coupled with the word 'career.'—'Home Herald.'

Bung and the Bench.

(W. M., in 'Everybody's Monthly.')

But is it so? does Liquor drug and drench
By subtle power the Magisterial Bench,
Whereby the nerveless hand of Justice fails
To grasp her sword and hold her trembling scales?
When guardians of the law have sprung a raid
On some abnormal trickster of the 'Trade,'
The evidence of guilt is so construed
That vice seems virtue, evil only good!
The palliations of the knave's offence
Without a blush affront our common sense;
While half their worships blink the fraudful arts
That claim the sympathy of kindred hearts,
Till, in the 'paltry and vexatious' case,
The Court acquits the injured Boniface.

What wonder when their judgment they declare
That unsophisticated folks should stare!
And uncorrupted servants of the Crown
Be fain to lay their thankless functions down,
Convinced that when their vigilance succeeds
To clutch the culprit in his lawless deeds,
Some kind J.P.'s, whose interest in the Trade
Is well assured, will hasten to his aid.
And, spite of plainest evidence, insist
The case is trivial and should be dismissed!

To what good purpose do amended laws
Reward our struggles in the Temperance cause.
If baulked by sordid bias, or betrayed
By listlessness, they prove as good as dead—
If sots go free who, swilling long and deep,
With drunken revels vex the hours of sleep—
And Sunday travellers, thirsting as they roam,
May boose and bluster half a mile from home?
If landlords prove their innocence, forsooth,
In reckoning infancy as well-grown youth!
Or dosing wretched victims of the bar
Until their dogs seem nobler creatures far?

'Tis time, methinks, the public voice should claim
That justice be no longer but a name;
Our laws no more a Samson blind and shorn,
And magisterial action laughed to scorn.
'Tis more than time to storm the liquor trench,
Long fortified in shelter of the Bench,
Till every Justice of the Peace shall act
With sense of uprightness and self-respect.

The Remarkable Decrease of Arrests Under Local Option.

Facts are stubborn things, the old saying has it. I have made the following discovery from the official records of the City Police Department:

Monthly Arrests for Drunkenness.

Arrest for drunk in July (Local Op.)..	8
Arrest for drunk in June (12 saloons)..	36
Arrest for drunk in May (12 saloons)..	44
Arrest for drunk in April (12 saloons)..	76

Average monthly arrests before local option for drunks, 52; under local option only 8.

Court Day Drunks Arrested.

April court day drunks (12 saloons)...	22
May court day drunks (12 saloons)...	12
June court day drunks (12 saloons)....	9
July court day drunks (Local Op.).. ..	1

Average court day drunks before local option, 14; under local option 1.

Total Arrests, All Kinds.

April (12 saloons)..	96
May (12 saloons)..	56
June (12 saloons)..	50
July (Local Option)..	20

Total arrests April, May and June, before local option, 202, average 67; for July, under local option, 20. Every man locked in jail costs the city 50 cents, and 50 cents per day board. It has been costing the city in jail fees about $1,100 per annum.

C. E. WOODS, Mayor,
Richmond, Ky.

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N.B.—Watch next issue of this paper for full announcement of August issue containing photographs of the celebration, etc., etc.

..HOUSEHOLD..

The Soul of the House.

(Burges Johnson, in 'Harper's Magazine.')

Locust timbers, brick and stones
Are its bones;
And I saw them wrought together
In the keen autumnal weather,
Joint by joint and bone by bone to fit a plan
As sages build of fossil forms some unremembered man.

Lath and shingle for a skin
Clad it in;
And it took on form and feature
As of some familiar creature,
Standing silently in dull, repellent guise,
And soullessly it looked on me from staring window-eyes.

My own soul-seed, deep in earth
At my birth
Lay as lifeless and as hidden
By the sun and rain unbidden,
Until Love has fed it smiles and tears and toil—
Then green and gracious buds of it came forcing through the soil.

So my house there reared its head,
Cold and dead,
With a chill to linger always—
Till Love-breathed along its hallways,
Laughed and wept there, toiled and dreamt there in the gloam;
Now those window-eyes are brimming with the wakened soul of Home.

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Early Taught.

We were early taught by our sainted mother the beauty of giving one-tenth to the Lord. We had our 'Lord's money-box,' and when we received a dime, one cent went into the box. Every week we were encouraged to earn a trifle in some way—by self-denial, by an unusual piece of work suited to our ability, or an extra task, and this all went cheerfully into the box. When any demand for missions presented itself the box was opened, money counted, and no more willing, happy hearts presented an offering than ours. It was easy, as years passed by, to change the box to the 'Lord's pocketbook,' to give the dollars in place of the pennies and dimes. Begin with the young. And let those who are no longer young become as little children, and learn the lesson.—Cor. 'Golden Rule.'

The Dollar Drew Interest.

Late on the Saturday noon preceding the day on which Bishop Joyce became ill he walked up street with a friend and parted with him in front of the 'Journal' office, after making an appointment to see him again on Monday on his return trip from Red Rock. He was in fair health, but said that the terific heat during his work in St. Louis the week before had affected his stomach. Otherwise he was quite well and was scheduled for several meetings during the Denver convention.

A little incident occurred while he stood in front of the 'Journal' building. A prominent attorney of the city came along and shook hands with the Bishop, and after a minute's conversation on other topics, said: 'Bishop, when are you going to preach in Minneapolis again? I haven't heard a good sermon since the last time I heard you.'

'Have you been to church since then?' asked the Bishop, with a twinkle in his eye.

'No,' said the attorney, 'I have not.'

'Well,' rejoined Bishop Joyce, 'you see now how important it is that I studied law in my younger days.'

'I see,' said the lawyer, 'you have grasped the principle of cross-examination of witnesses.'

'I do not know exactly,' he said. 'If my ticket comes I shall go Monday night. I have a friend in Chicago who sends me tickets whenever I have any travelling to do in this Northwest country. He is a railroad man, and I am going to tell you how I became a "solid" with him, as the saying goes.

'Years ago I was the pastor of a little church in an Indiana town, and in that town was a boy who carried papers, to help his mother, who was a widow. He used to bring around New Year's greetings and I would give him ten cents, or whatever I could spare. One New Year's, I remember, I gave him a dollar. It was a big dollar to both of us, because he did not have any and I had very few. Well, you should have seen that boy go whooping down the street with that dollar in his fist.

'Year's afterward I was a pastor in Cincinnati and wanted a clergyman's permit, which would give me reduced rates on railroads. I knew from the papers that my little friend of the dollar, who had grown up and become a great railroad man, was in Cincinnati, so I went to his office for his assistance in getting the permit. I went into the office and asked for him by name.

'He was not in, so I named my business to the clerk, saying, 'I want a clergyman's permit. I am a preacher here, and my name is Joyce.'

'"Joyce," said the clerk, "why we know all about you. Mr. —— has told us all about you, and said that if you came in here, to give you anything you wanted, except the rails."

'So, you see,' said the Bishop, with a little smile, 'the church has been drawing splendid interest on that dollar. It has often made me think we little know the possibilities in the little boys running among our feet. My friend has often told me that that dollar that day was worth more to him in giving him confidence in the future than any ten thousand dollars he ever handled afterward. Preachers and business men cannot take too much notice nor learn too much about the boys.'—Minneapolis 'Journal.'

If you are over-tired—'too tired to sleep,' as we sometimes say—bathe the neck and temples with hot water. Bathe the back of the neck particularly. This seems to relax the muscles and the veins that supply the brain with blood. Lie down to sleep with peace, for it will come surely. The same treatment will wonderfully refresh during the day. A headache may often be relieved, even cured, by hot applications to the back of the neck.

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Sesame and Lilies, etc.—By Ruskin.
The Scarlet Letter—By Hawthorne.
Cloister and the Hearth—By Reade.
Christmas Books—By Dickens.
Tom Brown's School Days—By Hughes.
King Solomon's Mines—By Haggard.
The Essays of Elia—By Lamb.
A Tale of Two Cities—By Dickens.
Poems (1833-1865)—By Browning.
John Halifax, Gentleman—By Mulock.
Essays—By Bacon.
Autocrat of the Breakfast Table—By Holmes.
Mill on the Floss—By Eliot.
Kenilworth—By Scott.
Jane Eyre—By Bronte.
Robinson Crusoe—By Defoe.
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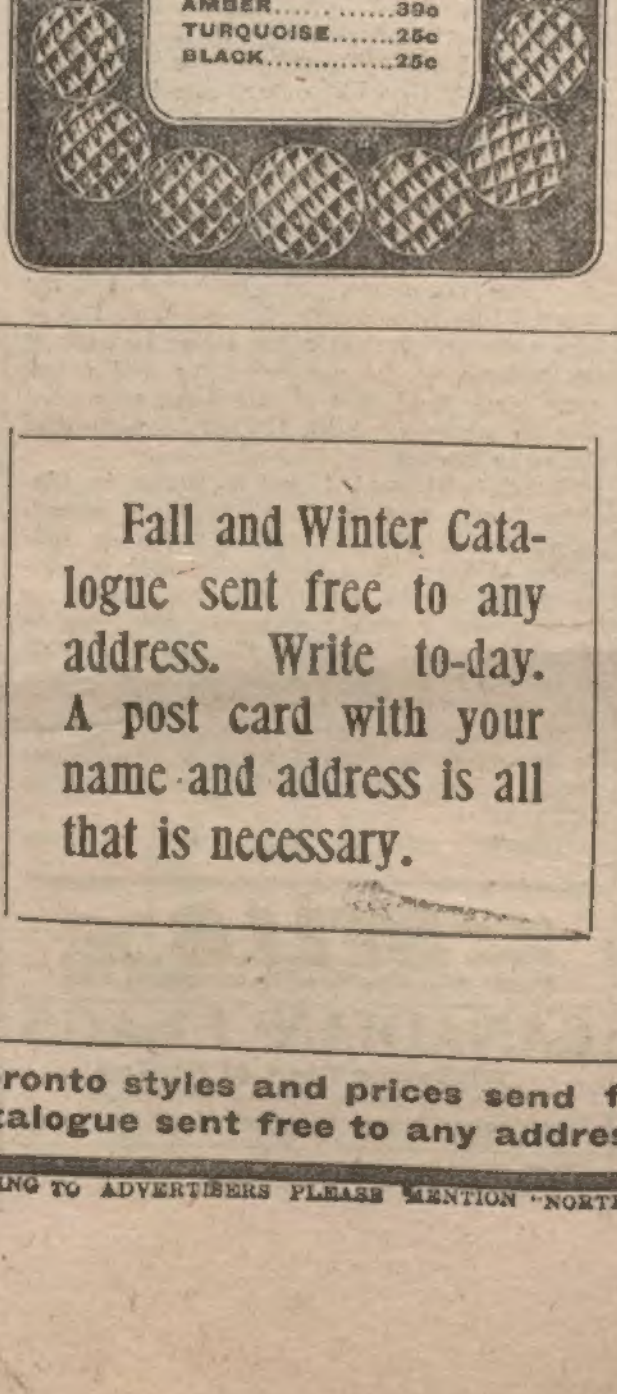

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